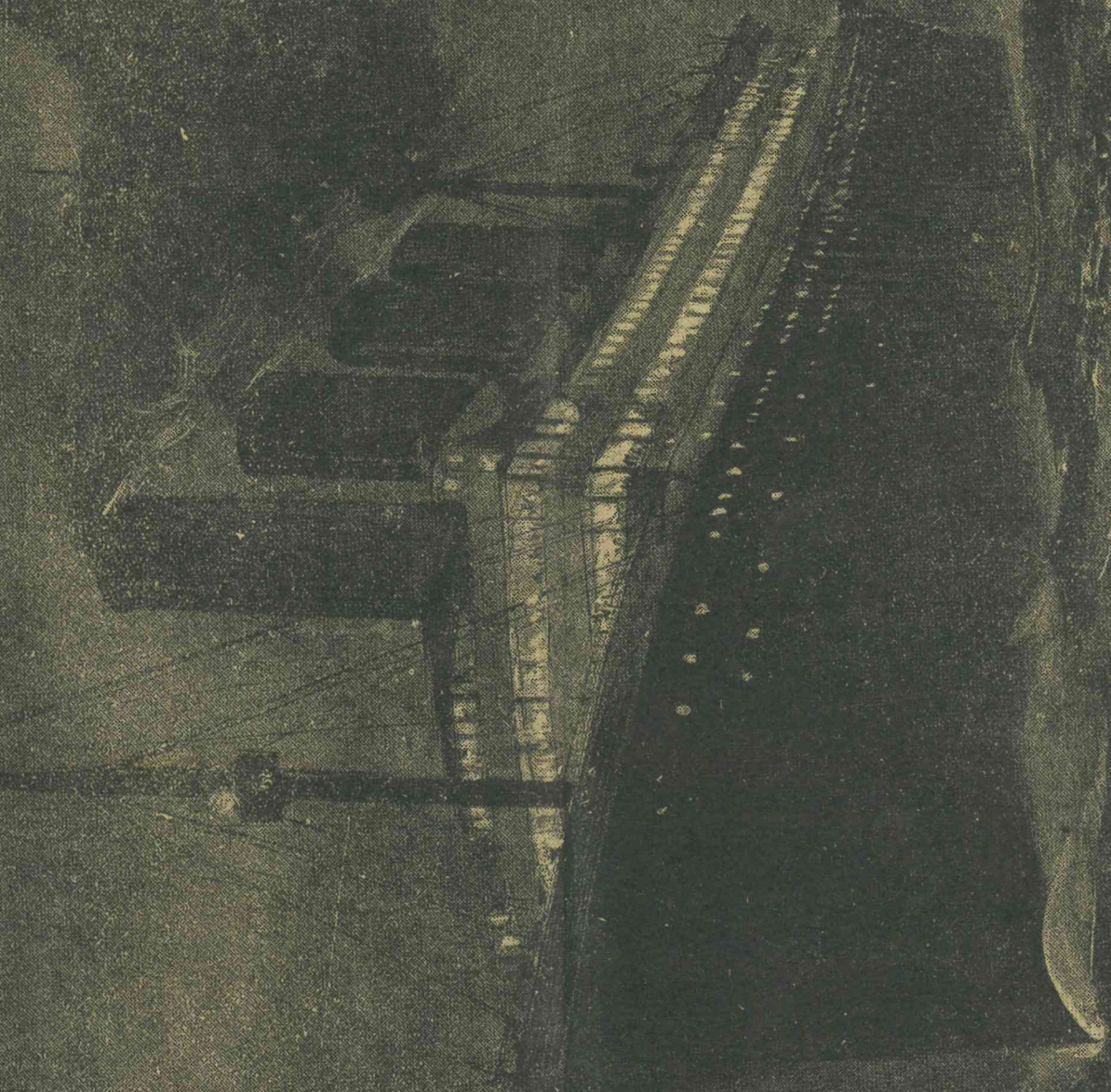


THE DAILY GRAPHIC



TITANIC - IN - MEMORIAM - NUMBER -

ONE PENNY

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THE OCEAN GRAVE OF THE TITANIC.

LOST LINER'S TRAGEDY.

THE SAILING AND— THE END.

ICE, THE FOE.

SHOCK THAT RENT THE SHIP.

THE BRAVE DEAD.

WOMEN SAVED BY MEN'S SACRIFICE.

The largest ship in the world went to sea from Southampton harbour on the tenth of April, 1912. People spoke of the tenth of April as a great day in the history of shipping, and they said this they gave utterance to a truth more awful than could be conceived by living man.

It was a great day also in the history of Southampton, for many fathers of families had found employment on the Titanic, many women's faces were lightened because the shadow of need and poverty had been banished from their homes. It was a day that no one who stood upon the quayside will ever forget. We who saw it saw a sight that will be unforgettable until our eyes are turned to dust.

We saw the start of the mightiest vessel in the world upon her solitary and uncompleted voyage. She was named Titanic and she has been Titanic in her sorrow. We saw her, the mightiest, finest in her sorrow. We saw her, the mightiest, finest product of human brains in the matter of ships to sail the sea, a gigantic vessel that realised in her being a floating city of treasured glories, riches, and luxury, as she first ploughed the grey fields of the ocean.

And her displacement of water, the foam, and the rush of her passage, was so tremendous that the stern ropes of another mighty liner parted and the New York, but for the ready aid of holding tugs, would have swung out aimlessly into the fairway.

THE HAPPY START.

We paused in our cheering then, chilled to a sudden silence at this first evidence of the great ship's untested powers for evil as for good. And our cheering now is hushed into sobbing, for within a week of her majestic passage from Southampton Harbour, the displacement of the Titanic has been so tremendous that she has drenched the bosom of the world in an ocean of tears.

Those of us who had come to wish the vessel "Good speed"—in the dark wisdom of Providence to wish "God speed" and "a fair journey" to those loved ones who were going out upon the longest and loneliest voyage in Eternity—were up "by times" on that pleasant Wednesday morning, long before the stroke of noon when we knew Captain Smith would climb into his lofty perch on the navigating bridge and give the order to "let go" from the Trafalgar landing stage.

The air was busy with chatter, with "good bye for the present" and good wishes. We lived that morning in an atmosphere of pride. All these happy-faced Southampton women were proud that their men had entered into service on the greatest vessel ever built by man. They prattled of the Titanic with a sort of suggestion of proprietorship.

Rumours and legends and tales of her glories and luxuries and powers were bandied about in every street in Southampton. She was a caravaner of marvels: a mighty treasure house of beauty and luxurious ease. In the phrase of the people, she was "the last word." The phrases of the people are often true, because they are double edged.

Another phrase sticks now in the puzzle of a darkening mind: "They're breaking all records this time." And so they were. It had been determined that the Titanic should excel in luxury and

THE NOBLE ELEMENT IN THE OCEAN TRAGEDY.

No element of tragedy seems to have failed to contribute its share to the overwhelming catastrophe of the Titanic. The forces of nature shook themselves free from the chains with which Man would bind them, burst in all their power from the limits in which he has sought to confine them, and dealt him a blow that has sent mourning through two nations. His last word in ship construction, equipped with every last device making for safety, or for aid in case of need, met at her maiden issue with the sea a challenge that broke her utterly and took her in toll with over twelve hundred of the lives she carried.

The magnitude of such a disaster leaves the mind as incapable of expressing the emotions aroused in it as its agencies were powerless to avert the catastrophe. For years we take our eager, heedless way, demanding more and more of life, increasingly impatient of its hindrances to our pleasure and our business, increasingly bold and cunning in overcoming them, and never pausing but to congratulate ourselves upon our triumphs. Every now and then comes some cataclysmic reminder that, if it is not possible to go too far and too fast, it is very possible to congratulate ourselves too well. For a brief moment we are brought to a full stop.

We trust the relatives of those who have perished may find some solace in the thought that though they have been called upon to suffer a grief almost unendurable to bear, they suffer it amidst that deepest sympathy which only when we are brought to face the realities of life can be aroused. For us, as for them, moreover, there is heartening thought in one thing that can be read into the disaster from the facts that have come to light. It is terribly clear that scenes of most dreadful horror must have taken place in the few hours between the Titanic's striking and her disappearance. And it is clear, from the fact that women and children form by far the greater majority of the saved, that in this dire emergency the imperilled rose to supreme heights of courage and devotion. Millionaire and steerage emigrant alike were called upon: alike they have presented us with that most inspiring of all spectacles—the inherent nobility of mankind.

equipment her sister vessel, the Olympic, which had sailed for New York a week before. And in a sort of desperate endeavour to achieve this we who had come to take a temporary parting from dear ones and friends were shown a new and latest marvel on the promenade deck of the Titanic. It was called the Café Parisien. Its walls were covered with a delicate trellis work around which trailed cool foliage. We looked at the soft-cushioned chairs, we regarded the comfort of the whole scene, and, feeling the suggestive atmosphere of the place, thought of those who would be taking coffee there after dinner with music hailing every sense, melting

into the gentle roll and rhythm of the open sea. What a place in which to dream!—perhaps if one were young to hold a little romantic dalliance—what a place in which to forget the trials and harass of the world! What a place in which to sleep!

Some of us looked into the private suites that were to cost a mere trifle of £870 a voyage, and here we found snug dining-rooms, bedrooms that looked in themselves like little enchanted palaces of slumberous rest, and private promenade decks. Let us note that everyone spoke of "dining-rooms" and "bedrooms." The word "cabin" would have

been an anachronism in this floating citadel of luxurious beauty. We examined the delicate glass and nappery, the flowers and the fruit, the baths and the playing-courts, and the innumerable mechanical appliances that seemed to make personal effort or discomfort the only human impossibility on board.

There was one thing that no one looking even for a brief half-hour on this cushioned lap of luxury ever thought of giving a cursory glance or a thought. No one looked at the boats.

Punctually at noon Captain E. J. Smith, a typical figure of an English sailor as we knew him and imagined him in tougher, pre-Titanic days, took up his post of captainship on the navigating bridge. And as the bells sounded, the cheers of the multitude went upward and hands and handkerchiefs were waved from quay and ship's side, and kisses changed.

So she went away with her human freight of two thousand two hundred and eight souls. We cheered to the last and waved our salutations, and that night I think there was not an unhappy woman in all Southampton. And to-night—who is to count the tear-stained faces or to cast a reckoning over the travail of these broken hearts, some here, some two thousand miles away, but all united beyond the cleavage of the pitiless sea, by the sacred companionship of sorrow!

WHAT WE THOUGHT—

So the Titanic went her way, and we went ours, and thought perhaps little about her save thoughts of remembered joy in her strength and beauty, until on Tuesday morning came the news that smote upon our hearts with the thunder of doom. These were, of course, the first indefinite rumblings that woke fear in every human breast.

She had struck an iceberg; she had been rent; but she was unsinkable. She was heading slowly for shore, a great giant wounded thing in the wake of the Virginian. How our hopes died down until it seemed that the heart was burnt into a heap of dead cold ashes, only to rise, Phoenix-like, in jubilant and hopeful expectancy. Human lips have sobbed out strange prayers before to-day, but what volume of prayer went up to heaven in thankfulness to the Lord of Hosts who had brought the new wonder of wireless telegraphy out of the slow womb of time.

We thought of that unforgettable message speeding through the wireless air that is marked upon the chart sheets S.O.S. We picked up the common phrase of the operator and repeated to ourselves: "Save Our Souls," and thanked Providence for their salvation.

We pictured the scene. The lonely operator, compassed with that old English valiance that has turned the blood of history into wine, calmly repeating out the cry of help. We saw the realisation of that message in the operator's cabin on other vessels. We saw the wonderful chain composed of three vessels, stronger than stone or iron or tempered steel, stronger than wind or sea, suddenly dragging all the vessels within the sphere of hearing away from their allotted course, and sending them on the great adventure of succour and mercy. We pictured them racing along the railless roads of the open sea, rushing with incensate speed towards the spot of the catastrophe. We had leisure to imagine the scene, because we were told there had been a great deliverance; because we felt that man had fought his battle with the ocean and had won.

Then we knew that we had lost.

—AND WHAT WE LEARN'T.

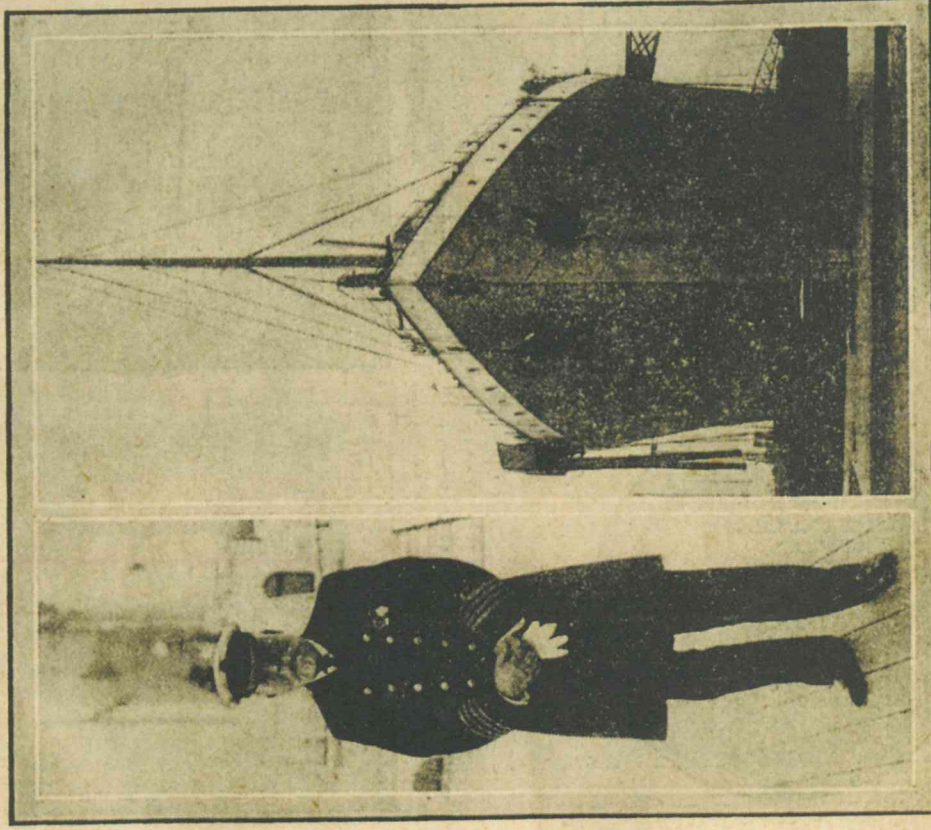
All the world knows how slowly those confessions of defeat came to upon us, how slowly the last flicker of an expiring hope was beaten down within our breasts, with that diabolical hands the veils were drawn from that implacable face of doom. Gradually the hush laid hold upon us, gradually a realisation of what had happened sank into our souls.

We knew that nothing but a miserable residue of the great human freightage had been saved to us. We knew that the brain of man and wrought by his hands, with all its mighty scheme of luxurious ease, health, and comfort lay somewhere tangled in an old sea force—two miles beneath the quiet surface of the sea. Little more do we know as I write. We can only hear the sobbing of the women at the street corners of Southampton, and find in them an eternal echo of the cheers with which we sent the Titanic out on her first, her last, her only voyage.

We know that among these women are many mothers. We know with thankfulness that though their faces are dark with sorrow they are untouched with the lightest shadow of shame. For though man has been beaten once again in his old fight with the sea, yet he has done one thing with all the glory and splendour of a victory.

He has taken the last gift of God and used it well. He has died as dark avenging moment, the last order of the captain, the last farwells—so different from these we exchanged at Southampton—all our tears and the last high human courage, all our sorrow is tempered by the thought that the women are alive to us and that children, and that the men died as we would have had them die, as we should like to have died ourselves had God steered our hearts with a similar course into the dark picture of that yet unrecorded power, so deep with human anguish and yet so light the sobbing of the women we may learn to understand the sobbing of the women and the cries of the fatherless that come up to us in every surge of the immortal sea. Knowing this, we may take comfort in the great cry of a great poet in a sea-cashed island that had born so many poets, and for so many poets no contempt.

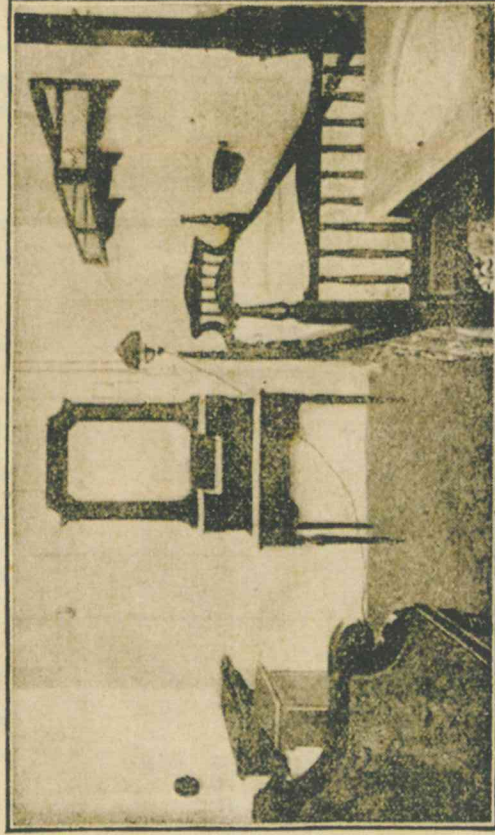
Or knock the breast of weakness, no contempt, Disparage of blame, nothing but well and fair, And what may quiet us in a death so noble.



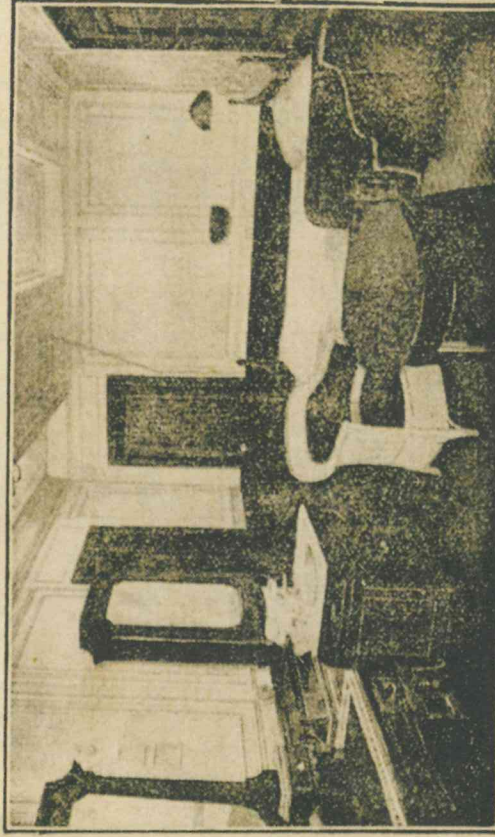
THE COMMANDER OF THE TITANIC AND THE BOWS OF HIS SHIP.

The portrait of Captain Smith was taken on board the Titanic on the day of the vessel's departure from Southampton. He was in command of the Olympic, the Titanic's sister ship, when, on her maiden voyage, she collided with H.M.S. Hawke.

FEATURES WHICH CONTRIBUTED TO THE SPLENDOURS OF THE TITANIC.



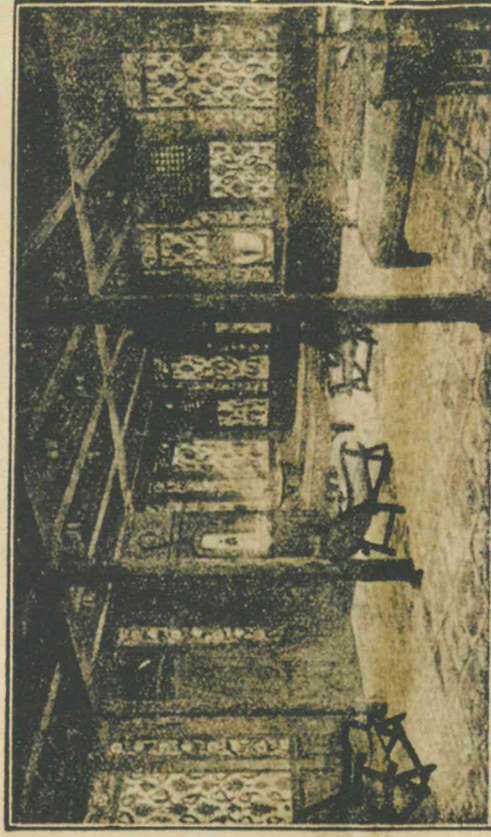
A SINGLE BERTH STATE-ROOM.



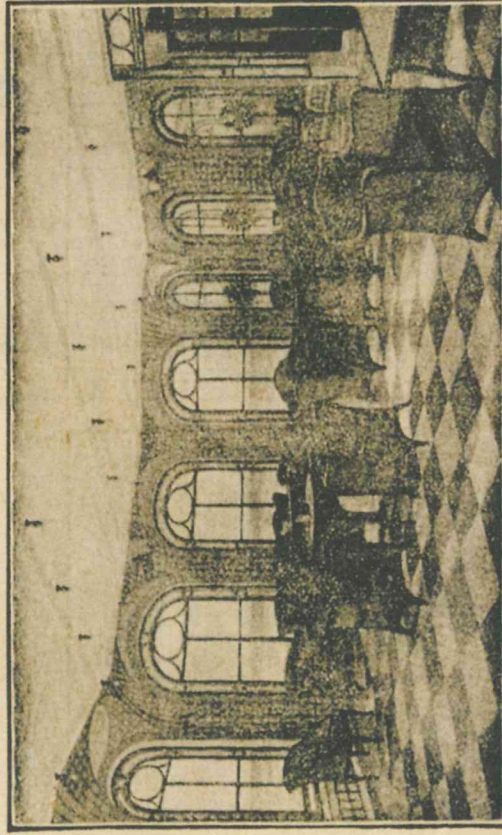
A DECK STATE ROOM.



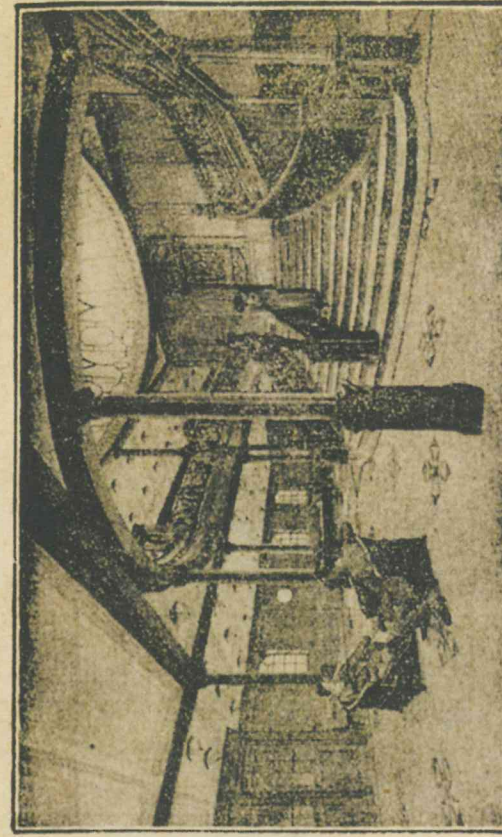
THE SWIMMING BATH, A POPULAR FEATURE WHICH IS POSSESSED BY VERY FEW VESSELS AFLOAT.



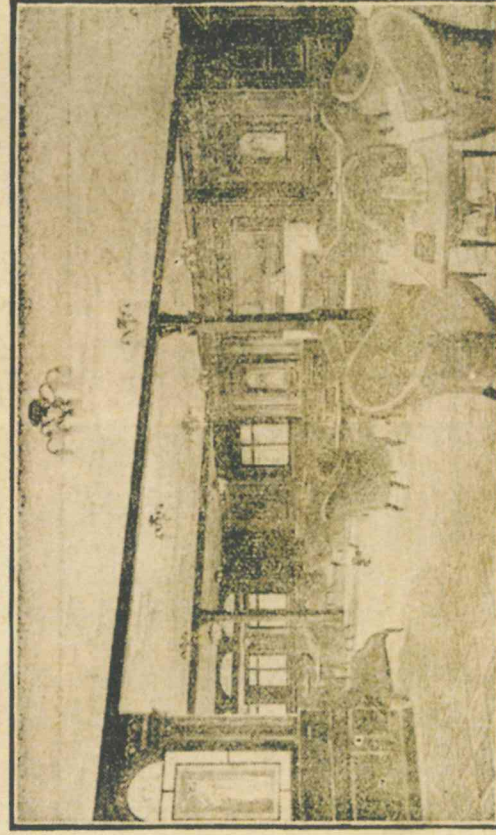
THE TURKISH BATH COOLING ROOM, WHICH, WITH ITS SUGGESTION OF THE "MYSTERIOUS EAST," IS ONE OF THE SHIP'S MOST INTERESTING ROOMS.



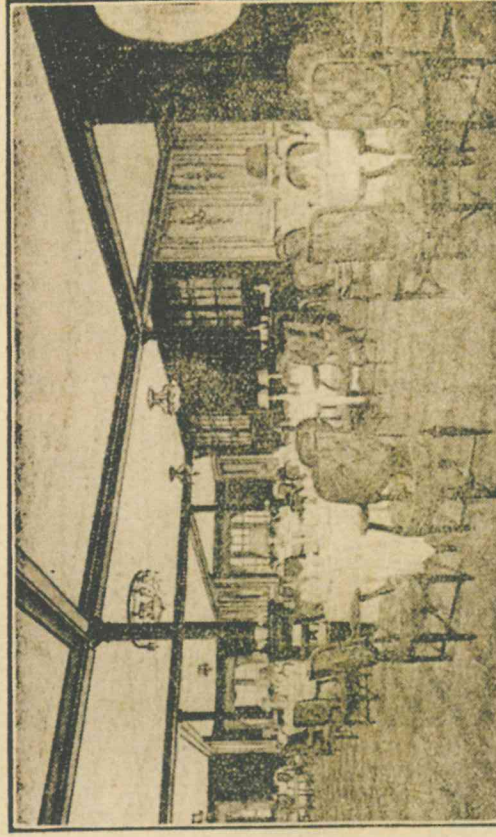
THE VERANDAH CAFE ADJOINING THE SMOKE ROOM. IT IS SURROUNDED BY GREEN TRELLIS-WORK, OVER WHICH GROW CLIMBING PLANTS.



THE MAIN STAIRCASE FROM THE GREAT HALL.—FROM THIS HALL LIFTS GO UP AND DOWN TO EVERY FLOOR OF THE SHIP.



THE GEORGIAN SMOKE ROOM, PANELLED IN THE FINEST MAHOGANY AND RELIEVED EVERYWHERE WITH MOTHER-O'-PEARL INLAID WORK.



THE RESTAURANT, DECORATED IN LOUIS XVI. STYLE, AND PANELLED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING IN FRENCH WALNUT.

THE OCEAN GRAVE OF THE TITANIC.

THE LINER DE LUXE.

**SPLENDOUR THAT NOW LIES
IN THE DEPTHS.**

A MILLION AND A HALF.

RESTAURANT, RACQUET COURT AND PARISIAN CAFE.

Sister to the Olympic, the Titanic was the last word in ocean liners and the largest ship in the world. Her fittings were the most luxurious of any vessel afloat, including a restaurant, furnished in the Louis XVI. style, a reception-room of Jacobean style, and a squash racquet court.

The Titanic's displacement was 46,328 tons, 1,004 tons more than that of the Olympic. She cost over a million and a half. She was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff at Belfast, and launched on May 31st, 1911. Her building took over a year, and her fitting-out nearly another year.

Some idea of the Titanic's enormous size may be gauged from the following figures:—

TOTAL length, 852ft. 9in.
Height from keel to navigating bridge, 144ft.
Gross tonnage, 46,328.
Displacement, 50,000 tons.
Indicated horsepower of reciprocating engines, 30,000.
Speed, 21 knots.

She carried ten decks, of which seven were passenger decks. The bridge deck extended over a length of 550ft. amidships, while the promenade and boat-decks were also over 550ft. long.

For first-class passengers there were thirty suite rooms on the bridge deck, and thirty-nine on the shelter deck, so arranged that they could be let in groups to form suites, including bedrooms with baths, etc., with communicating doors. In all, the first-class accommodation comprised nearly 370 rooms, 100 of which were single-berth rooms.

The Titanic was a floating town with accommodation for a population of over 3,000 people, made up as follows:—

Saloon passengers	750
Second-class passengers	500
Steerage passengers	1,100
Crew	800
Total	3,150

ENORMOUS FOOD STORES.

To feed this community she carried the following stores:—

Fresh meat	75,000lb.	Sweetbread	1,000lb.
Fresh fish	11,000lb.	Onion	2,200lb.
Salt fish	4,000lb.	Tea	600lb.
Bacon and ham	7,500lb.	Sugar	10,000lb.
Fresh butter	6,000lb.	Jams	1,125lb.
Poultry	8,000 head.	Flour	20 barrels.
Butter	2,500lb.	Apples	187 boxes.

The ship was fitted with electrically-controlled watertight doors, and there giving communication between the various boiler-rooms and engine-rooms were arranged, as usual in White Star Line steamers, on the "drop system." They were of Messrs. Harland and Wolff's special design, of massive construction, and provided with oil catenars.

Each door, according to the official description, was held in the open position by a friction clutch, which could instantly be released by means of a powerful electric magnet controlled from the captain's bridge, so that in the event of accident the captain, by simply moving an electric switch, could instantly close the doors throughout, thus, it was believed, practically making the vessel uninkable.

As a further precaution, floats were provided beneath the floor level, which, in the event of water accidentally entering any of the compartments, would automatically lift and thereby close the doors opening into that compartment if they had not already been dropped by those in charge of the vessel.

The lifeboats attached to the liner were 30ft. long, and mounted on special davits on the boat deck. For purposes of wireless telegraphy the Titanic had two masts 205ft. above the average draught-line.

UNPARALLELED LUXURY.

Among the features of the Titanic may be mentioned the first-class promenades on the three top decks, which were exceptionally fine. In keeping with the public rooms were the large and beautiful first-class state-rooms, perhaps the most striking of these being the suite rooms decorated in different styles and periods, including the following:—Louis Seize, Empire, Adams, Italian Renaissance, Louis Quatreze, Georgian, Regence, Queen Anne, Modern Dutch, Old Dutch.

The second and third-class accommodation was also on a scale of unparalleled luxury for those classes.

The Titanic's special features were the two promenade deck suites, with private promenades about fifty feet long—an absolutely novel feature—and the open-air Parisian cafe which adjoined the restaurant. The rates for these two suites during the busy season was to be £270 each.

The following is the official account of the Titanic's first-class dining saloon:—

"It is an immense room decorated in a style peculiarly English, reminiscent of early Jacobean times; but instead of the sombre oak of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is painted a soft, rich white, which, with the coved and richly-moulded ceilings and the spacious character of the apartment, would satisfy the most aesthetic critic.

"The furniture is of oak designed to harmonize with its surroundings.

SURVIVORS' THRILLING STORIES.

**"NEARER MY GOD TO THEE" PLAYED BY ORCHESTRA
AS TITANIC SETTLED.**

Mr. W. C. Chambers, one of the Titanic's survivors, interviewed by a Central News reporter, said the Titanic struck the iceberg head on.

The passengers came running out on deck, but believing that the ship could not sink, and being assured that this was so by the liner's officers, they went back to their state-rooms again.

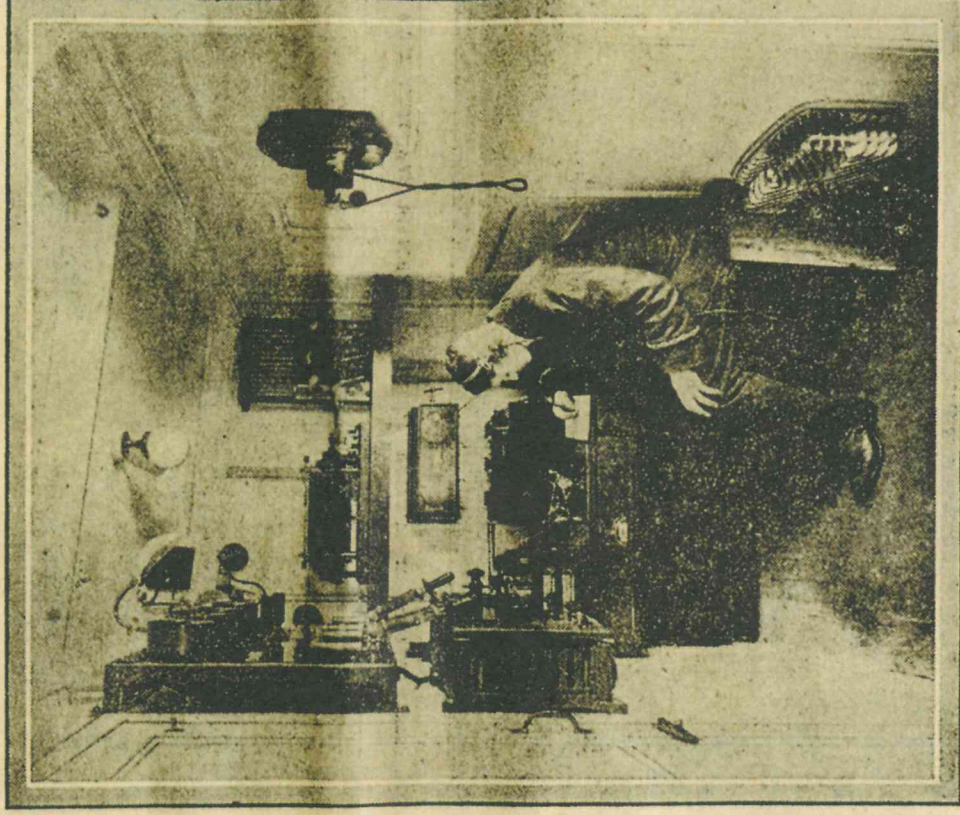
After about two hours, however, the alarm was sent round, and the passengers started to enter the lifeboats. There was nothing in the way of a panic at first, as everybody believed there were plenty of lifeboats to go around.

After the lifeboat in which he was seated had gone about four hundred yards from the ship they saw the Titanic begin to settle down very quickly. It was then that there was a rush for the remaining boats, and one was swamped.

ally hysterical, having been rapidly separated from husbands, brothers, and fathers, were quickly placed in boats by the sailors, who, like their officers, it was stated, were heard by some survivors to threaten that they would shoot if male passengers attempted to get into the boats ahead of the women.

Mr. Stengel added that a number of men threw themselves into the sea when they saw that there was no chance of their reaching the boats. He himself dropped overboard, caught hold of the gunwale of a boat, and was pulled in because there were not enough sailors to handle her. In some of the boats women were shrieking for their husbands, others were weeping, but many bravely took a turn with the oars.

Mrs. Dickinson Bishop, of Detroit, Mich., said:—"I was in my bed when the crash came. I got up and dressed quickly, but being assured that there was no danger I went back to bed. There



A WIRELESS CABIN ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

Appalling as is the loss of life the death-roll would have been much longer but for the wireless telegraph. This picture shows a typical Marconi cabin on a large Atlantic liner, a cabin similar to that from which the signal "S.O.S." was despatched immediately after the Titanic had struck the iceberg.

The Titanic sank head first. So far as his own boat was concerned, she created no suction. No shots were fired. There was nothing of that kind.

Of those who were rescued from the Titanic seven were subsequently buried at sea, four being sailors and three passengers. Two rescued women had gone insane.

As the liner continued to gradually recede into the trough of the sea the passengers marched towards the stern. The orchestra belonging to the first cabin assembled on deck as the liner was going down and played "Nearer my God to Thee." Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Straus were drowned together, Mrs. Straus refusing to leave her husband's side. They went to their deaths together, standing arm in arm on the first cabin deck of the Titanic.

Mr. C. H. Stengel, a first-class passenger, said that when the Titanic struck the iceberg the impact was terrific, and great blocks of ice were thrown on the deck, killing a number of people. The stern of the vessel rose in the air, and people ran shrieking from their berths below.

Women and children, some of the former natur-

were few people on deck when I got there, and there was little or no panic.

Mr. Robert Davill, of Richmond, Virginia, said:—"I jumped overboard, and I reckon that over a thousand did likewise. I swam about in the icy water for an hour before being picked up by a boat. At that moment I saw the Titanic take her final plunge. It was awful.

"Colonel Astor has gone down. So has Major Butt and Mr. W. T. Stead. I believe they jumped into the sea.

"I was in a state of collapse when picked up, and there are scores of survivors seriously ill. "Captain Smith stuck to the bridge and behaved like a hero."

William Jones, a fireman, of Southampton, who was making his first trip, said that when the Titanic sank four of her lifeboats were swamped. He also declared that her boilers exploded, and that ice from the berg falling on her decks killed many people.

Mrs. Andrews, an elderly lady, interviewed by the Exchange representative, said the crash occurred at 11.35 p.m. on Sunday night. The women and children got off in the lifeboats at 12.45 a.m. The Titanic sank at 2 a.m., and the Carpathia picked up the boats at 8.30 a.m.

SOME OF THE MISSING

**MEN FAMOUS ON BOTH SIDES
OF THE ATLANTIC.**

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

Among those well-known passengers on the Titanic who have not been heard of are the following:—

Colonel John Jacob Astor.—Elderly son of Mr. William Astor, who had five children, four daughters and one son. His father was an uncle of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, and great-uncle of Mr. Waldorf Astor, M.P. Colonel Astor, who was born in 1824, served in the Spanish-American war, and presented a mountain battery to the Government for use in the campaign. His surviving sisters are Mrs. George Ogilvie Hay, of London, and Mrs. Orme Wilson. The dead body of Colonel John Jacob Astor—whose marriage last year created a considerable sensation—was to be searched for. His young wife is among those saved.

Famous Financier.

Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim.—A member of the famous Guggenheim family of capitalists, associates of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and world-famous in connection with Alaskan development and copper production.

Major Archibald Butt.—Aide-de-camp to President Taft, returning to Washington after visiting the Pope.

Mr. George D. Widener. Well-known Philadelphia capitalist, and son of Peter A. Widener, who bought Rembrandt's "The Mill" for £100,000. Some of the exhibits in the London Museum, recently opened, were presented by Mrs. George Widener, who has been visiting London with her husband.

Twice Wrecked.

Mr. C. M. Hays.—President of the Grand Trunk Railway, and one of the best-known railwaymen in Canada. He, with Mrs. Hays and Miss Hays, both on board, had recently been on a short visit to London. Mr. Hays had also been shipwrecked in the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. J. B. Thayer.—President of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. Washington Rocking. Millionaire president and director of John A. Rocking's Sons Company, iron and steel wire and wire-rope manufacturers. He directed the construction of Brooklyn Bridge.

Steamship Director.

Jonkheer von Reuchlin.—Joint managing director of the Holland America Line.

Mr. Frank D. Millet.—An American artist, who has a house at Broadway, Worcester-shire.

Mr. Isidor Straus.—Member of Congress. He lives in Broadway, New York, is a merchant, a member of the firm of L. Straus and Sons, and director of various banks.

Mr. C. Clarence Jones.—New York stockbroker, who has been visiting European capitals in connection with the purchase of American Embassy sites.

Mr. J. Futrelle.—The noted story writer, author of "The Thinking Machine."

Mr. W. T. Stead.

Mr. W. T. Stead. Editor of the "Review of Reviews," on his way to attend the convention of the "Man and Religion Forward Movement," which has been operating in America for some months with the object of inducing business men to take an active part in religious movements. Several messages were sent to Mr. W. T. Stead in the hope that as a practised journalist he might be able to give a reliable account of the disaster, but no reply has been received.

Mr. Thomas Andrews, Jun.—Managing director of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, builders of the Titanic.

Mr. Christopher Head.—Former Mayor of Chelsea, who was much interested in art matters and took a prominent part in the discussions at the Mansion House regarding the King Edward Memorial Fund.

SOME OF THE SAVED.

**LADY DUFF-GORDON, COUNTESS OF
ROTHES, WHITE STAR CHAIRMAN**

The Titanic's saved include:—

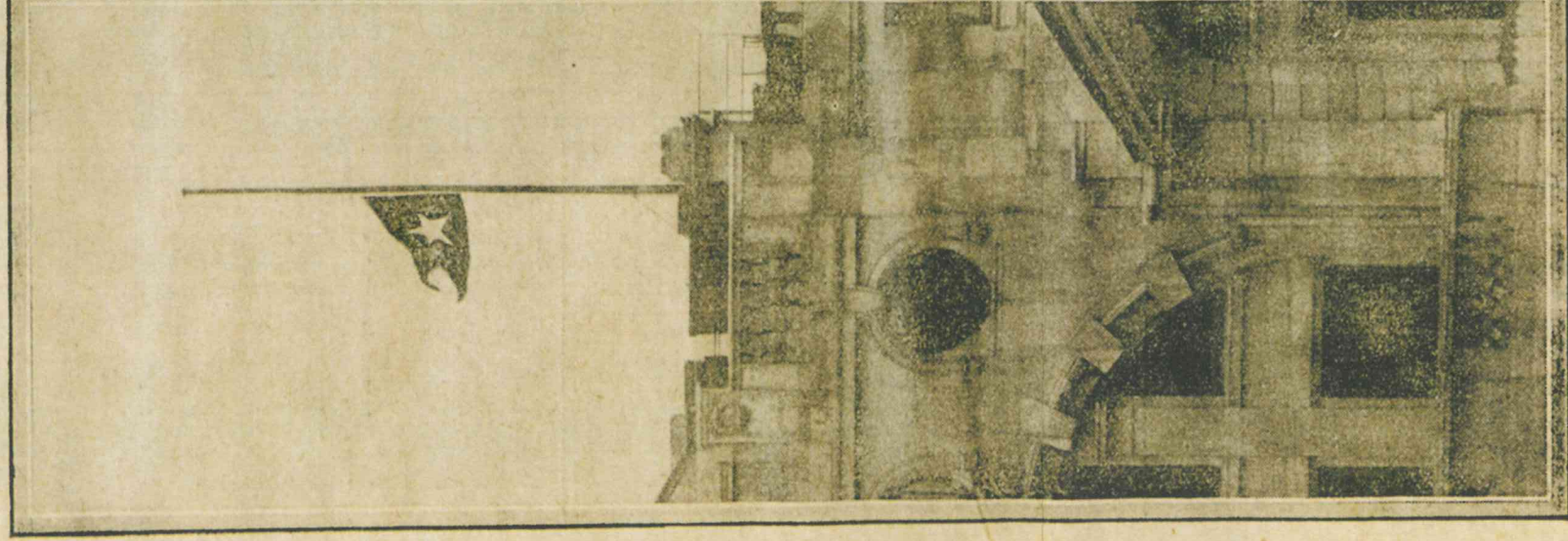
Lady Duff-Gordon—who carries on the famous firm of "Madame Lucile"—and her husband, Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon. They sailed incognito as Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

The Countess of Rothes.—On her way to New York to join her husband. They have planned a trip through the States to the West, returning via American Continent, as it is his intention to settle down there fruit farming.

Mr. Ryerson.—Who was making the journey from England to attend the funeral of a daughter in Philadelphia.

Mr. J. B. Linnay.—Chairman and managing director of the White Star Line, and president of the International Mercantile Marine Company. He was carrying out his usual custom of sailing on the maiden voyage of the company's liners.

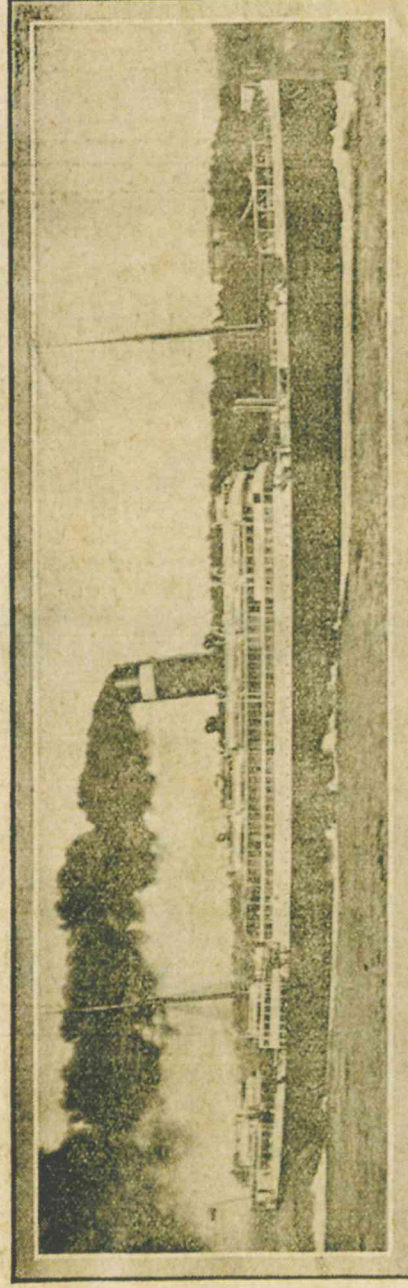
Also among the saved are Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Harper. He is a grandson of the founder of the famous publishing house.



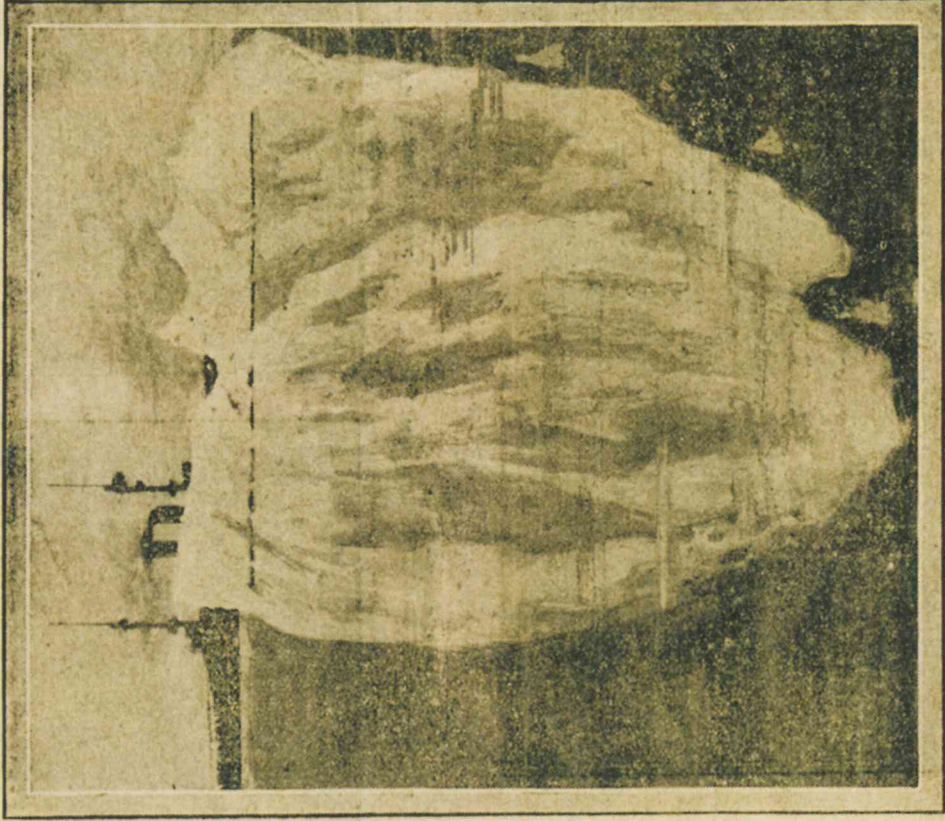
BREAKING THE NEWS OF THE TITANIC'S LOSS WITH OVER TWELVE HUNDRED LIVES TO LONDON.

Consternation reigned in London when the news of the Titanic's awful fate became known. All day long the City and West End offices of the White Star Company, over which the White Star flag floated at half-mast, were besieged by anxious relations and friends of those who sailed

in the liner. The photograph on the left shows the flag at half-mast over Oceanic House, Cockspur Street. At the top, on the right, the scene inside the Cockspur Street offices is depicted, and below an anxious crowd is seen outside the City offices of the company.

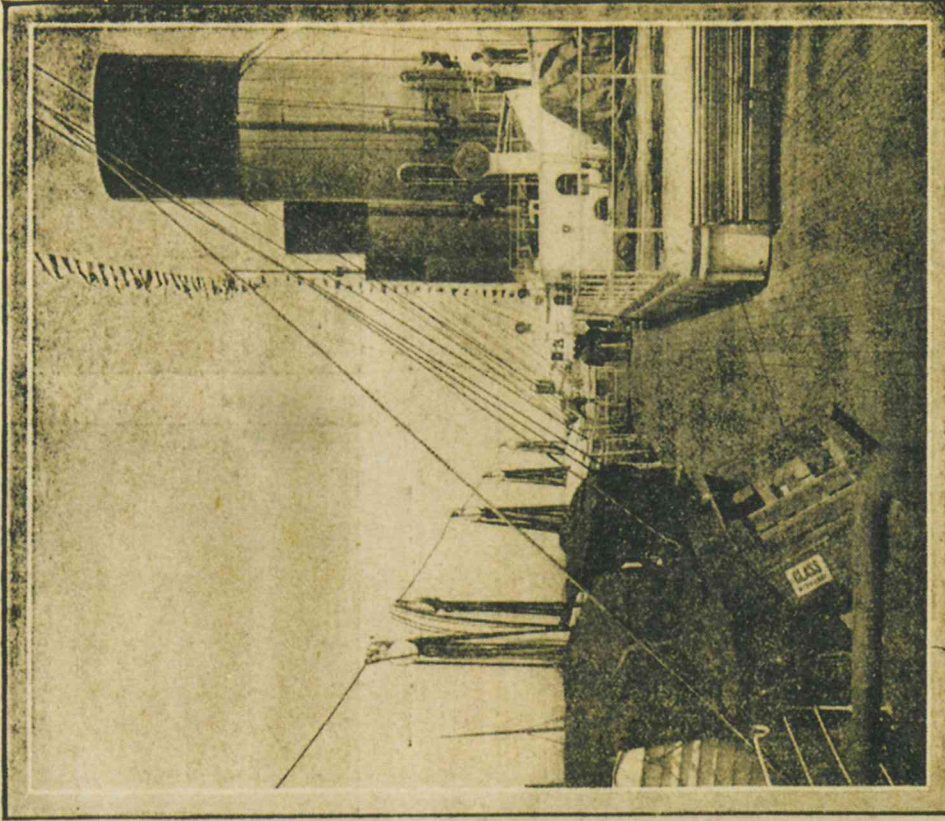


THE ALLAN LINER VIRGINIAN, THE FIRST VESSEL TO RECEIVE THE TITANIC'S WIRELESS MESSAGE OF DISTRESS. UNFORTUNATELY SHE ARRIVED TOO LATE TO BE OF SERVICE.



THE ICEBERG ABOVE AND BELOW THE WATER.

The iceberg is one of those dangers to shipping against which the ingenuity of man cannot guard. It often rises from 150 to 300 feet above the sea level, and seven or eight times as much lies under the surface of the water.



THE UPPER DECK OF THE TITANIC.

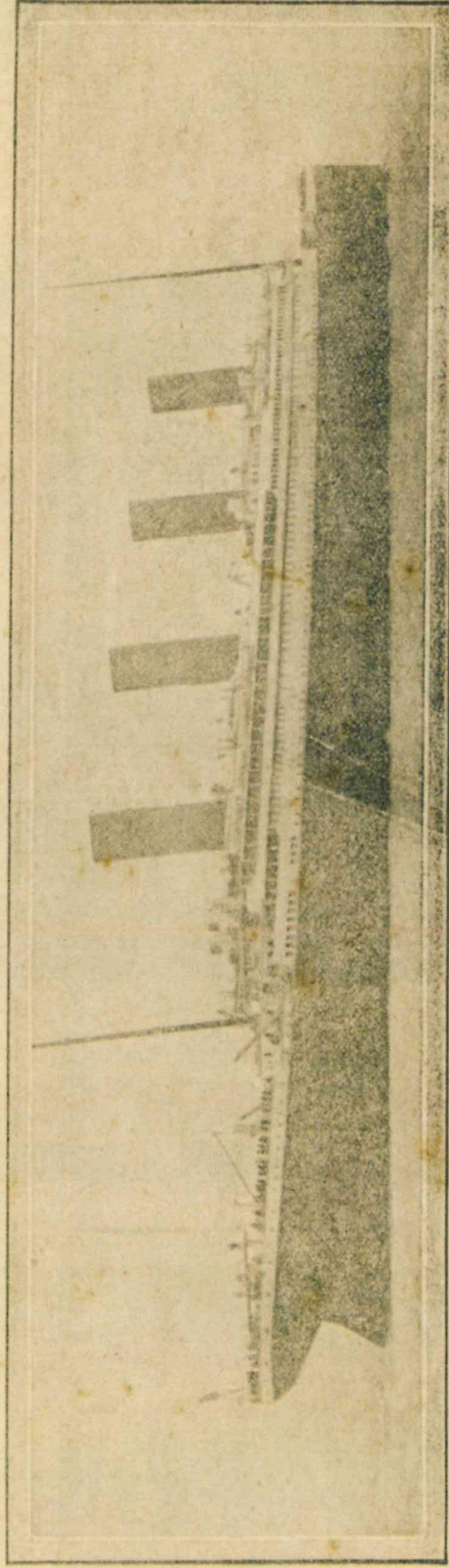
A view showing some of the lifeboats by which many of the survivors left the ship. Most of the boats were filled with women and children, and all these boats have been accounted for.

(“Daily Graphic” photograph.)



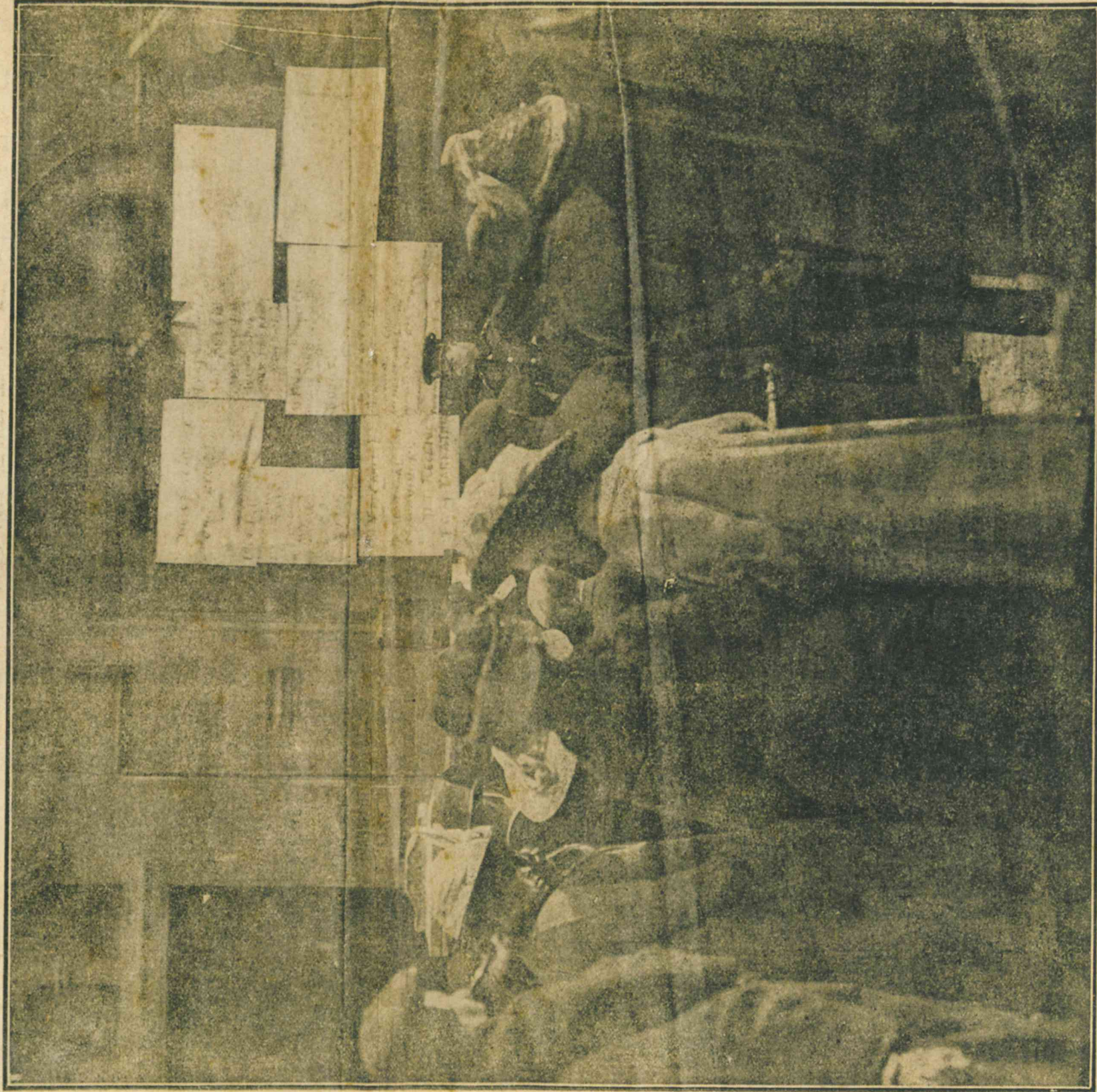
MANSION HOUSE FUND OPENED FOR THE WIDOWS AND CHILDREN OF TITANIC SAILORS.

The Lord Mayor very promptly opened a fund at the Mansion House for the relief of the widows and orphans of those sailors of the Titanic who have gone down in the ship. In this picture the Lord Mayor's servants are seen fixing a public collecting box outside the Mansion House. The King and Queen, and Queen Alexandra were among the first to send donations to the fund.



THE TITANIC'S PASSENGERS TAKING THEIR LAST LOOK AT HOME.

A photograph taken as the boat was leaving Southampton on April 10th, showing, on the deck, some of the passengers who are probably among the missing.



THE SCENE ROUND THE FATEFUL BOARD AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The board erected by the White Star Company outside their Southampton offices was watched day after day by the crowd of grief-stricken wives and other relatives of the Titanic's crew. One list of members of the crew known to be on the Carpathia was posted, but it only contained about half a dozen names. ("Daily Graphic" photograph.)

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